

VOL. 13, NO. 119.

CONNEILSVILLE, PA., TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, 1915.

PROHIBITION NOW URGED IN BRITAIN BY LLOYD-GEORGE

Chancellor Declares It a
Greater Enemy Than
the Teutons.

WHOLE NATION IS AROUSED

Sinking of Two Ships by German
Submarine, With Loss of More Than
100 Lives Stirs British Operations
in the Carpathians Area Crucial.

LONDON, March 30.—Prohibition
is a deadly foe that is prevailing in
this country, the Chancellor of the
Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, declared
today in a speech before the House of
Commons. He said that the nation
was aroused by the sinking of two
ships by German submarines, with the
loss of more than 100 lives. He said
that the nation was aroused by the
sinking of the two ships, and that the
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MISS CLARK, DAUGHTER
OF CHAMP CLARK, MAY
WED IN MAY OR JUNE



MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Miss
Genevieve Clark, daughter of Champ
Clark, speaker of the House of Rep-
resentatives, is expected to be married
in May or June. She is the daughter
of the speaker of the House of Rep-
resentatives.

SUITS AGGREGATING \$70,000 FILED AGAINST THOMPSON

His Washington, Missouri, the Largest
Chalmers in Action Filed
at Uniontown.

UNIONTOWN, March 30.—Suits ag-
gregating \$70,000 were filed in
court today against J. A. Thompson
and his associates. The suits were
filed by the Chalmers company, which
is the largest manufacturer of
machine guns in the world.

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COURT SUSPENDS THE SENTENCE OF BULLSKIN FATHER

Petitioners Aver Belief He
was Accused to Shield
Guilty One.

FORMER JUDGE TAKES HIS PART

Startling Evidence Aligned to Have
Been Discovered in Town of School
Teacher Who Was Convicted and
New Trial Is Asked, Other News.

UNIONTOWN, March 30.—The peti-
tion of 89 residents of Uniontown
for a new trial for the man known
as the "Bullskin Father" was granted
today by the court. The petitioners
aver that the man was accused of
shielding a guilty one.

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was accused of shielding a guilty one.
They said that the man was accused
of shielding a guilty one, and that
the man was accused of shielding a
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KILLS HIS GRANDMOTHER

Young Man Then Inflicts Mortal In-
jury Upon Himself.

PHILADELPHIA, March 30.—Mrs.
Charles Cohen, 80, was killed by her
grandson, who then inflicted a mortal
injury upon himself. The man was
arrested and is being held for in-
quiry.

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held for inquiry. He is being held for
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SNOWFALL SHARES THE HONORS WITH A MOUNTAIN STORM

March Plays the Lion at
Night and the Lamb
in Daylight.

GALE IS FOLLOWED BY CALM

Mercury Continues to Hover Low in
the Late Spring, Light Sunshine,
Winter Things on Despite the Fact
That Its Time Has Now Expired.

The weather was very cold today,
with a heavy snowfall. The mercury
was very low, and the wind was very
strong. The weather was very cold
today, with a heavy snowfall.

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A PRIOR WHOSE BOOK
TOLD THAT
DISASTER IS AT HAND



MORGAN ROBERTSON

Morgan Robertson, author of the
book "The Great Flood," died today.
He was a well-known author and
was known for his predictions of
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THREE YOUTHS ARE TAKEN AS ROBBERY SUSPECTS; ONE FLEES

Bert Howard Breaks Away
From County Detective
on Way to Car.

THE OTHERS ARE BEING HELD

Deny Complicity in Street Car Hold-
up, But One Who Escaped Is Said
to Have Confessed Being Implicated
in Other Burglaries About Town.

Three youths were arrested yester-
day for complicity in the holdup of
a street car. One of the youths, Bert
Howard, broke away from the county
detective on his way to the car.

The other two youths are being held.
They are being held for inquiry, and
are being held for inquiry.

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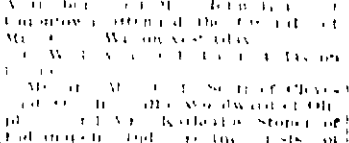
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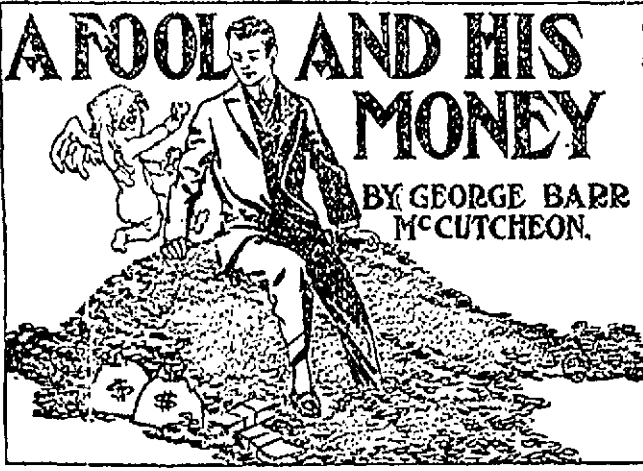
sold by the two survivors who are



P. R. DeMuth & Sons
111 East Main Street
Greenhouses: South Pittsburg St. and Cedar Avenue,
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

P. R. DeMuth & Sons
111 East Main Street
Greenhouses: South Pittsburg St. and Cedar Avenue
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

PETEY DINK—Henrietta Falls by the Way



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CHAPTER XXIII.

I Speed the Parting Guest.

FOUR o'clock in the morning is a graceless hour. Graveyards may yawn at 12, but even they are content to slumber at 4. I don't believe there is anything so desolate in this world as the mental perspective one obtains at 4 o'clock. Tombstones are bright beacons of cheer as compared to the monumental regret one experiences on getting up to greet the ill-fated and vastly overrated glories of a budding day. The sunrise is a path. It is a deadly, dour thing. It may be pink and red and golden and full of all the splendors of the east, but it is a resurrection, and you can't make anything else out of it. Gazing up till 4 and then going to bed gives one an idea of the sunrise that is not supported by the facts. There is but one way to appreciate the real nature of the hateful thing called dawn, and that is to get up with it instead of taking it to bed with you.

Still, I suppose the sun has to come up, and perhaps it is just as well that it does so at an hour when people are least likely to suspect it of anything so shabby.

Four o'clock is more than a graceless, sodden hour when it occurs in a day that you know is to be the unhappiest in your life, when you know that you are to say farewell forever to the hopes begot and nurtured in other days; when the one you love smiles and goes away to smile again, but not for you. And that is just what it was.

On the morning of the 11th of September meant to me.

Britton and I set forth in the automobile just at the break of dawn, crossing the river a few miles below the castle and running back to a point on the right bank where we were to await the arrival of the boat conveying the countess and her escort. Her luggage, carefully disguised as a certain yacht's commander.

It was required of me—and of my machine, which is more to the point—that the distance of 120 miles through the foothills of the Austrian Alps should be covered and the passengers delivered at a certain railway station, fifty miles or more south of Vienna. Before 10 o'clock that night, there were to be a train for the little seaport on the upper Adriatic, the name of which I never saw never to reveal, and I have not conveyed it north where to be released from that oath. I am of necessity compelled to omit the mention of it here.

Mr. Brown went on to Vienna the night before our departure, taking with him Helene Marie Louise Antoinette, a rather shocking arrangement, you would say, unless you had come to know the British lawyer as well as we knew him. They were to proceed by the early morning train to this obscure seaport. Collingrath Titus elected to accompany his sister the entire length of the journey, with the faithful Blake and Rosemary.

Billy Smith was to meet us a few miles outside the town for which we were bound, with a word of warning if there was anything sinister in the wind.

I heard afterward from Poppendyke that the departure of the countess and Rosemary from the castle in the gray, stormy dawn of that historic 11th was attended by a demonstration of grief on the part of the four Schuicks that was far beyond his powers of description, and he possesses a wonderful ability to describe inebriate situations, rather rambling to that style of lucidity. I may say, The elder Schuicks walked and boozed and proclaimed to the topmost turrets that the sun would never shine again for either of them, and to prove that she was up to snuff about the matter, Gretel fell off the clock into the river and was nearly drowned before Jasper Junior could dive in and get her. Their sons, both of whom cherished unquenchable feelings for Blake, elbowed so prodigiously all the way down the river that the boat rocked. Incidentally during the excitement, Jasper, who was to remain behind and journey westward later on with Mrs. Titus and Jasper Junior, succeeded after weeks of vain endeavor in snatching up the calf of Blake's left leg, a feat of which he no doubt was proud, but which rendered his impressive bubble to an everlasting dread of hydrophobia and a temporary lull.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when the boat slipped into view around the tree-covered point of land and headed straight for our hotel place on the bank.

I shall not stop here to describe the first stage of our journey through the narrow, rocky, brooding, flat, solemn, eventually in the broad alpine high

of a nature that heretofore had been commonplace and meek. But not one of these things happened, and I decline to perjure myself for the privilege of getting into the list of "six best sellers."

So far as I am able to judge, there was absolutely no heroism displayed during our flight through the hills and valleys unless you are willing to accept as such a single dash of sixty miles an hour which Britton made in order to avoid a rain shower that threatened to drench us if we observed the speed laws.

That wait! There was an example of bravado on my part that shall not go unrecorded. I hesitated at first to put it down in writing, but my sense of honor urges me to confess everything. It happened just after that memorable picnic luncheon in the shady dell. The countess, I maintain, was somewhat to blame for the incident. She suggested that we—that is to say, the two of us—explore the upper recesses of this picturesque spot, while the others were making ready for the resumption of our journey.

Shame, contrition, humiliation or whatever you may elect to call it, forbids a lengthy or even apologetic explanation of what followed her unfortunate suggestion. I shall get over with it in a few words as possible.

In the most obscure spot in all those ancient hills I succumbed to an excruciating impulse to take her forcibly in my arms and kiss her! I don't know why I did it or how, but that is just what happened. My shame, my horror over the transcendental folly was made almost unbearable by the way in which she took it. At first I thought she had swooned, she lay so limp and unresisting in my arms. My only excuse, whispered piteously in her ear, was that I couldn't help doing what I had done and that I deserved to be drawn and quartered for taking advantage of my superior strength and her gentle forbearance. Strange to say, she merely looked at me in a sort of dumb wonder and quietly released herself, still staring at me as if I were the most inexplicable puzzle in the world.

Her cheeks, her throat, her brow grew warm and pink, with a just looking at her. Her lips parted, but she uttered no word. Then I followed her objectively, bravely back to the roadside and executed an inward course that would have over my miserable head so long as it was on my shoulders.

Her vivacity was gone. She slunk down into the corner of the seat, and with her back half turned toward me, gazed steadfastly at the panoramic valley which we were skirting. From time to time I glanced at her out of the corner of my eyes, and eventually was somewhat relieved to see that she had closed her eyes and was dozing. My soul was in despair. She loathed, despised me. I could not blame her. I despised myself.

And yet my heart quickened every time I allowed myself to think of the act I had committed.

The day was a glorious one and the road more than splendidly good. We moved along at a steady pace of speed and sundown found us about twenty-five miles from our destination. Not caring to run the risk of a prolonged stay in the town, we drove up at a roadside inn and had our dinner in the quiet little garden, afterward proceeding leisurely by moonlight down the sloping highway.

Billy Smith met us at eight miles out, and we stopped to parley. He examined the countess' skillfully prepared passport, pronounced them genuine and then gave us the cheerful news that "everything was lovely and the goose hung high." The train for the coast was due to leave the Staatsbahn at 10:35, and we had an hour to spare. He proposed that we spend it quite comfortably at the roadside while Britton went through the pretense of repairing our tires. This seemed an agreeable arrangement for every one but Britton, who looked so glum that I, glad of the excuse, offered to help him.

No sooner was I out of the car and Billy Smith in my place beside the countess than she became quite gay and vivacious once more. She laughed and chatted with him in a manner that promptly convinced me that propriety so far as I was concerned had had a most depressing effect upon her and that she revealed in the change of companions.

I was so disturbed by the discovery that Britton had to caution me several times to handle the inner tubes less roughly or I would damage them and we might suffer a blowout after all.

Every one appeared to be gay and frivolous, even Blake, who chattered sotto voce with Britton, that excellent rascal spending most of his time leaning against the spare tires in order to catch what she was saying for his benefit. All efforts to draw me into the general conversation were unavailing. I was as morose and unresponsive as an Egyptian mummy, and for a very excellent reason, I submit. The countess deliberately refused to address a single remark to me. Indeed, when I seemed perilously near to being drawn into the conversation she relapsed into a silence that was most forbidding.

My cup of misery was overflowing. I wondered if she would feel called upon at some distant confessional to tell the fortunate Lord Amberdale that I had brutally kissed her. And Lord Amberdale would grin in his heavily supercilious English way and say, "What else could you have expected from a bally American boondoggle?" She would no doubt smile indulgently.

All things come to an end, however. We found ourselves at last uttering our goodbyes in the railway station, surrounded by hurrying travelers and attended by eager porters.

The countess did not lift her veil. I deliberately drew her aside. My hot hand clasped hers and found it as cold as ice and trembling.

"For God's sake," I whispered hoarsely in my humblest, "say that you forgive me!"

She did not speak for many seconds. Then her voice was very low and tremulous. I felt that her somber eyes were accusing me even as they tried to meet my own with a steadiness that was meant to be reassuring.

"Of course I forgive you," she said. "You have been so good to me."

"Good!" I cried bitterly. "I've been harsh, unreasoning, supercilious from the day I met you!"

"Hush!" she said, laying her free hand upon my arm. "I shall never forget all that you have done for me. Let me say no more."

I gulped. "I pray to heaven that you may be happy, Alina—happier than any one else in the world."

She lowered her head suddenly, and I was made more miserable than before.



"Say that you forgive me."

fore by hearing a quick, half-suppressed sob. Then she withdrew her cold little hand and turned away to follow Collingrath, who had called out to her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Count Wants the Castle.

I SAW them board the train. In my heart there was the memory of a dozen kisses I had bestowed in repentant horror upon the half-asleep Rosemary, who, God bless her little soul, cried bitterly on being torn away from my embrace.

"Well," said Billy Smith, taking me by the arm a few minutes later, "they have a bite to eat and a cold bottle before we go to bed old chap. I hope to heaven she gets through all right. I am strong for her, aren't you?"

"I am," said I, with conviction, coming out of a daze.

He led me off to a cafe, where he seemed to be more or less at home, and where it was bright and gay for him, but glimmered like the grave to me.

I drove the car home the next day. When he got down at the garage, Britton slithered and drew a prodigious breath. It was as if he had not breathed for hours. We had gone the distance in little more than half the time taken on the trip down.

"My word, sir," was all he said, but there was a significant tremor in his voice. He snatched at pride.

Mrs. Titus pluckily inquired how we had got along and appeared quite relieved when I told her we had caught the train at 8. Jasper Junior revealed a genuine interest in the enterprise, but spoiled it all by saying that Alina, now prematurely safe, was most likely to leap out of the frying pan into the fire by marrying some blithering forger and having the whole beastly business to do over again.

"How soon do they go?" asked Poppendyke late that afternoon, after listening to Mrs. Titus' able prophecies concerning Alina's future activities and getting my harassed ear in a moment of least resistance.

"I don't know," said I hopelessly. I had heard about all I could endure concerning his lordship's magnificent estates in England, and the sort of a lord he was besides. "There's nothing to do but wait, Fred."

"She is a remarkably fine woman, but"—He completed the estimate by shaking his head, trusting to my intelligence, I suppose.

We waited two days for word from the fugitives. Late in the afternoon of the second day Britton returned from town with a telegram for me.

It said:

Carps safely aboard Pendennis, Captain Farlow commanding. Clear at 2 today. Everything satisfactory. C. G. RAYNE.

No sooner was this reassuring news received than Mrs. Titus complacently set about having her trunks packed. The entire household was in a state of activity, for she had suddenly decided to catch the 8 o'clock train for Paris. I telephoned to reserve accommodation on the Orient express from Vienna and also to have it stopped at the town across the river, a concession secured at a no inconsiderable cost.

She was to travel once more as my mother.

You will not fail to look us up when you come to New York, will you, Mr. Smart? Mr. Titus will not be happy until he has expressed to you in person his endless gratitude. You have been splendid. We shall never forget your kindness, your thoughtfulness, your forbearance. —I—

Upon my word, there were real tears in the dear lady's eyes! I forgot and forgave much in recollection of this instant of genuine feeling on her part. It was not necessary for her to con-

HEADQUARTERS FOR EASTER PURCHASES

AT THE RETIRING FROM BUSINESS SALE

Persons wishing to follow the example of those who have been delighted with their Easter Purchases here, should follow suit by visiting the Bazaar Department Store, and reap the splendid advantages that we are compelled to sacrifice, prior to our retiring from business.

BAZAAR DEPARTMENT STORE

ON PITTSBURG STREET,

CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

plete the sentence so humbly begun.

Their departure was made with some degree of caution. Mrs. Titus rather considerably reminding herself that my interests were at stake. I saw them aboard the train. She played her part admirably—I will say that for her. She lifted her veil so that I could bestow a farewell kiss upon her cheek. Jasper Junior's eyes popped very wide open at this, and as he shook my hand warmly at parting he said:

"You are a wonder, John—a sure enough wonder. Why, hang it all, she doesn't even let dad do that!"

But Jasper Junior was very young, and he couldn't understand.

At last we were to ourselves, my extensive household and I. Late that night I sat in my study considering the best means of reducing my staff of servants and in computing, with dismay, the cost of being a piteously host to people who had not the least notion what it meant to do sums in economic subtraction. It was soon apparent to me that retrenchment, stern and relentless, would have to follow upon my wild though brief season of profligacy. I decided to dismiss the scullery maid.

I was indescribably lonely. Poppendyke was worried about my father, my household. At the end of a week he took it upon himself to drop a line to the Hazards, urging them to run out for a visit in the hope that company might take me out of myself. All attempts to renew my work on the ill-fated novel met with utter failure. The power of mental concentration was gone. I spent most of my time in the garden.

The Hazards came and with them the joyously legation Betty Kelly. Poppendyke must have prepared them for the task in hand, for they proceeded at once to transform the bleak, dreary old castle into a sort of hilarious merry-go-round, with me in the very vortex of it all. They succeeded in taking me "out of myself." I will say that for them. My spirits took an upward bound and, wonderful to relate, retained their altitude in spite of all I could do to lower them. I did not want to be happy. I figured that I owed it to my recently abused temper to remain to be permanently unhappy. But the wind blew another way, and I drifted aimlessly with it, as a derelict drifts with the currents of the ocean, but preferably with the warm gulf stream.

We had word from Mrs. Titus in London that negotiations had been reopened with the count and that a compromise might be expected. The onerous million had agreed. It seemed, to most Jasper Titus' lawyers in Paris at no distant date. My chief concern, however, was for the countess herself. That she had successfully renounced the high seas was apparent; if not the newspapers, which I read with eagerness, would have been filled with accounts of her seizure. We eagerly awaited the promised cablegram from New York announcing her safe arrival there.

Smith joined us at the end of the week. I nervously sought to question him about the Englishman.

"Splendid fellow," said he, with discouraging fervor; "one of the finest chaps I know, eh, George?"

"For an Englishman," admitted Haz-

zard.

"He's a gentleman, and that's more than you can say for the tugging of nobility that paid court to Alina Tar-

noway. He was in love with her, but he was a gentleman about it. A thoroughbred, I say."

"Good looking?" I inquired.

"Well, rather—the sort of chap women run after. Ask Betty. She was mad about him, but he couldn't see anything in her. I think she hates him now. He had eyes for no one but the fair countess. A wonderful grind on Betty. She's used to a something different."

Hazard studied the clouds that drifted over our heads. "I wonder if Alina cared anything for him."

"I've always believed that she liked him better than she cared to admit even to herself."

"If fancy he'll not let any grass grow under his feet now that she's free," said Dr. Hazard.

"Think she'll have him?"

"Why not? He has a much better position in England than Tar-noway has here, and he's not after her money. I hate to say it, but Alina is a seer after titles. She wouldn't be averse to adding 'your ladyship' to her collection."

MONTREAL VOLUNTEERS REVIEWED BY DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AS THEY LEFT FOR ENGLAND.



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING MONTREAL VOLUNTEERS.

"Oh, come!" I protested. "That is a nasty thing to say, George."

"She may have been regenerated," he said obligingly. "You know her better than I do, old chap. What say?"

"I didn't say anything," I inter-

"I thought you did."

I hesitated a moment and then pursued myself of the truth. "As a matter of fact, I have reason to believe she's in love with Amberdale and has been for a long time. I'm not saying it in disparagement, believe me. God knows she's entitled to something decent and fine in the shape of love. I hope he's good enough for her."

"They looked at me with interest, and Smith broke the momentary silence. "Oh, he's good enough for her," he said, with a queer smile.

"I'm glad of that," I said gruffly.

"The old la-l mean Mrs. Titus—will be tickled to death if the match is pulled off," said Hazard.

"She was tickled the first time," said I sententiously, and changed the subject. There was no sense in prolonging the agony.

Toward the close of their visit a message arrived from the countess herself, signed with the fictitious name we had agreed upon. The news she gave caused us to celebrate that night. We had a banquet in the courtyard and drank to the god of good luck.

Cargo safely landed in New York and forwarded to the Admiralty for storage and to await the appearance of a claimant. Farmer once has agreed to accept \$150,000 and release all claims. "When are you coming over?" ALFRED.

By the most extraordinary coincidence a curt, businesslike letter arrived in the evening post from Maria Tar-noway postmarked Paris. Its contents suggested me.

John H. Smart, Esq., Dear Mr. Smart—Will you put a price on Schuicks' castle? I am desirous of purchasing the castle if you care to sell the property. Sentiment moves me in this matter, and I earnestly hope that you may be induced to part with your white elephant. If you will be so kind as to wire your decision, you will find me deeply grateful and at the time for the ensuing fortnight. FORTHWORTHY.

ALFRED TARNOWAY.

My "white elephant!" I was so eager to get rid of it that I would have wired at once, naming a figure proportionately low had it not been for the united protests of my four friends and the canny advice of Mr. Poppendyke.

"Soak him!" said he, and I arose to the occasion.

I waited for three days and then telegraphed him that I would not take a higher sum than \$250,000, more than doubling the price I had paid for the property. I was prepared, however, to come down a paltry hundred thousand

or so if he revealed signs of reluctance. We built another bonfire that night and danced around it like so many savages.

Terms acceptable. Will come to Schloss Rothboefen at once to complete the transfer. TARNOWAY.

Accompanied by Hazard and Smith, I went over the castle from top to bottom in quest of the reason for Maria Tar-noway's prompt acceptance of my demand. We had no doubt that he had a good and sufficient reason for wanting the place, and but one thing suggested itself to our imagination: his absolute certainty that treasure was hidden somewhere about the venerable pile, treasure of considerable magnitude, you may be sure, or he would not have revealed such alacrity in accepting my terms. Sentiment had nothing to do with this surprising move on his part. That was all hush. He had an ulterior motive, and it was for me to get the better of him at his own game if I could. While I was eager to get rid of the castle at any price, I did not relish the thought of being laughed at for a fool by Maria Tar-noway after he had had his greedy hands upon treasure that had been mine without my knowledge.

He was no fool. The castle meant nothing to him as a home or as an investment. No doubt he would blow it to pieces in order to unearth the thing he knew its walls secreted.

We spent two unprofitable days in going over the place, and in the end sank down tired, defeated and without the slightest evidence in our possession that so much as a half crown lay hidden there as treasure trove. I gave in and announced that if Tar-noway could find anything worth having he was entitled to it so far as I was concerned, and I wouldn't begrudge him a farthing's worth.

He telegraphed that he would arrive on the morning of the third day, accompanied by his lawyer, a notary and an architect. My four guests departed in haste by the late night train after extracting a promise from me to join them at Vienna when I was no longer the master of Schloss Rothboefen. I rather relished the thought of a brief vacation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Patronize our advertisers.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

PAULSEN'S BLACK
"C" CUP CATHARTIC
REMEDY FOR MEN.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST.

The News of Nearby Towns.

CONELSON.

CONELSON, March 29.—Miss Nellie Brown has again resumed her duties as teacher of room number two in the public schools after a few days illness of grip.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church which recently had a contest for new members between the Whites and Reds will enjoy a banquet April 2, furnished by the Reds, who were the losers in the contest.

J. W. Clouse and little son, visited Mrs. Clouse, who is taking treatment at the Marlinton Sanatorium, Sunday, and her many friends will be glad to know she is improving.

A. H. Clouse and little son, A. Wayne, are visiting Mr. H. Clouse's sister, Mrs. L. E. McDonald at present.

Everglades, a public notice to the Francis Williams memorial service made the auspices of the W. C. T. U. in the Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening.

Miss Edeline Lockwood of Meyersdale, who has been visiting her friend Mrs. L. E. McDonald at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Reber, for several days, has come to Pittsburgh to visit friends.

The Methodist Episcopal and Lutheran Churches are making preparations for an Easter service next Sunday evening.

Mrs. Anne Humber of Hazwood, was visiting friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Rose of the West Side, visited friends at Hazwood, Sunday.

Little Jack son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Young, is reported quite ill at the present time.

Methodist Episcopal Church at Hazwood, was giving its many friends here yesterday.

Mrs. Alex. Bauman, of Mount Pleasant, is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. H. Plummer, who is very ill at her home at Hazwood, Sunday.

John Sands attended the funeral of his uncle, Grant Landman, yesterday at Hazwood. Mr. Landman was killed Friday night by Train No. 12 at Hazwood.

Mrs. C. E. Yeaslee and little son Wendell, have returned from a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hildebrand at Hazwood.

Charles H. Russell, proprietor of the Hazwood Hotel, was a business visitor to Somerset yesterday.

W. A. Hurd, a well-known farmer of Hazwood, was here yesterday on his way to Rockwood on business.

MEYERSDALE.

MEYERSDALE, March 29.—Mrs. Hannah Dineen, aged 90, died early Sunday morning at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Klingman, where she had made her home for several years. Only 11 days ago Mrs. Dineen's son, Mr. J. H. Dineen, died at the same place, and whose death the aged lady was never told about, as she was critically ill at the time. Besides Mrs. Klingman, the deceased is survived by the following: Mrs. C. W. Dineen, of Hazwood; Mrs. J. H. Dineen, of Hazwood; and Mrs. J. H. Dineen, of Hazwood.

The funeral service will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Klingman home on Hazwood avenue, the pastor, Rev. J. M. McHard of Hazwood, officiating. Interment in Union Cemetery.

Miss Mary Lee and William Lee, students at Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa., are here to spend the Easter vacation with their parents.

Mrs. M. H. Curry and daughter, Miss Virginia, are spending a few days visiting relatives and friends at Somerset.

Miss Mary Cole of Washington, D. C., arrived here Sunday morning with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cole.

Mrs. Emma Ritter, son Roy and daughter, Miss Ethel, left today for Akron, O., where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Noyah Cook of Hazwood, Md., were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crowe.

Miss Mary Wilmoth is home from Hazwood College, Frederick, Md., to resume her studies.

Mrs. Edward Seeger is spending the week visiting relatives in Hazwood.

Miss Ella Brown has returned from Hazwood, Pa., where she had been visiting relatives for a few days.

James Judge returned today from Hazwood, Pa., where he spent several days visiting friends.

Mrs. H. E. Cuthbert and children of Hazwood are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John H. Schardt.

J. B. Barnhart and Thomas Reese of Hazwood were calling on friends here Sunday.

Thomas Williams of Conneltsville spent Sunday here visiting friends.

A GOLD RULE.

One That Will Make You Happier If You Follow It.

A short time ago an honored citizen of Conneltsville passed away, leaving a valuable estate and an honored name. His long and useful life he made it a rule to keep out of debt and save a little. It's a good rule to follow. Pay as you go—save something and put it in the old reliable First National Bank at Hazwood, Pa., and you will find it a savings account—Ad.

Patrons of our advertisers.

Prevent Diphtheria.

A sore throat is a good breeding place for diphtheria germs. Protect your child by never neglecting a sore throat, or a wisely depend upon TONSILINE, so Tonsiline upon the first appearance of a sore throat—don't give Diphtheria a chance in that most fatal and dreaded disease. When TONSILINE is swallowed it comes directly in contact with the diseased surface and induces a healthy condition of the membrane—then the system can better defend the throat of attack by diphtheria germs. Keep TONSILINE in the house where you can get it quick when needed. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

SOISSON THEATRE

"THE HOUSE OF LILIES"

TODAY

THE FIVE REEL PROBLEM PLAY

"SHOULD A WOMAN DIVORCE"

KING BACCHUS IN THE TWO-REEL DRAMA

"THE FIVE POUND NOTE"

THE THRILLING WESTERN DRAMA

"A ROMANCE OF THE BACKWOODS"

THE NESTOR COMEDY

"HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND"

TOMORROW

THE FAMOUS ACTRESS—OLGA PETROVA—IN THE FIVE REEL DRAMA

"THE TIGRESS"

OUCH! LUMBAGO?

Try Musterole. See How Quickly It Relieves

You just rub MUSTEROLE in briskly, and usually the pain is gone—a delicious, soothing comfort comes to take its place. MUSTEROLE is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Use it instead of mustard plaster. Will not blister.

Doctors and nurses use MUSTEROLE and recommend it to their patients.

They will gladly tell you what relief it gives from Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of the Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Bruises, Chilblains, Frost-bitten Feet, Colds of the Chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

At your druggist's, the bottle 50c. (1/2) and a special large hospital size for \$2.50. Be sure you get the genuine MUSTEROLE. Refuse imitations—get what you ask for. The Musterole Company, Cleveland, Ohio.



ROCKWOOD.

ROCKWOOD, March 29.—J. T. Moore, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George H. Moore for several weeks, died Sunday at the Moore residence after suffering from a complication of diseases. The body will be taken to Fairmont, W. Va., where it will be interred Wednesday.

J. H. Farland of East Main street, who has been ill for several weeks, is reported to be slightly improved.

Mr. H. K. Kuntz, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kuntz for several days, left Saturday for Urvina where he will spend several days before returning to Confluence.

Miss Florence Ship left last week for Hazwood, O., where she will spend several weeks with her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kuntz.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kuntz, who are in Hazwood, are expected to return to Urvina, Ohio, where they will spend several days before returning to Confluence.

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COLONIAL THEATRE

H. O. KEMMY, Mgr.

TUESDAY

Afternoon and Night 2 to 5 7 to 10:30

Jesse L. Lesley Presents

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

With an All-Star Cast in Five Parts

The Greatest Romantic Drama since ever presented in picture form.

First a Drama. Then an Opera. Now the marvel of motion picture art.

Admission 10c. Children 5c.

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It May Be Necessary To Make Alterations On

Her Easter Suit

—Good Reasons for Selecting It in Time



Just Out of Their Boxes

New Waists

Tailored models; in striped, silk-finished madras. Neat colors on white. \$1 grade at 50c each.

This is the store of Distinctive Apparel. A Wright-Metzler woman's suit is style-perfect, refined, wearable the season through. The bigger assortments here allow the fullest scope for selecting with an eye to individuality. Perfect materials, sound linings, good-taste trimmings; and very low prices because of special advantages in buying.

"Different-from-other-stores-suits" are \$15 to \$45. The textures, variously, are: Shepherd checks, Gabardine, serge, poplin; and these colors: sand, putty, navy, green, black.

One Model at \$35.

is exceptionally dressy and most becoming to a medium figure. Navy-color serge of a very fine weave; military collar—worn high or low and "set-off" with a pique overlay (white) which can be removed.

Ball button fastenings (13 up the front) and trimmings, and a self-colored fold on the coat bottom to match the bottom of the skirt.

A tailored suit of the highest order, and lined with soft messaline.

A Dressy Suit for Full Figures

is of fine wool poplin, black or Battleship gray. Three-button fastening, notch collar and manish lapels. Excellent tailoring, and a fanciful touch here and there to off-set the manish lines. Yoke skirt with side pleats. Priced 29.75.

The Store Is Going to Give Every Woman a Chance to

Learn Dressmaking

—and the women who know the economy of home sewing, and want to do it—but don't know how—will surely appreciate this newest venture in service-giving. Mrs. L. Ryan—teacher; two hour classes; two classes daily. Interested women are asked to report, at the Pattern Counter

Wednesday, March 31st.

to find out about the plan—and enroll.

It Wont Do to Wear Shabby Gloves With The Easter Finery

Smartest of all gloves are Perrins—and the new spring fashions in Perrin gloves are here. Black, white and tan, in French lambskin, \$1 a pair.

Embroidered Kid, 1.50 up; Kayser silk, 50c up.

Do You Give Easter Presents? —Send Handkerchiefs

Tuck one, two or a dozen of them into the Easter Bunny—and send to a friend.

Women's, corner embroidery, 15c. 25c. 35c and 50c; colored kerchiefs, 25c.

Very fine kerchiefs, 50c to 1.50 each.

—First Floor.

Essential To An Elegant Toilette

— New Hosiery : Silk

Colored silk hosiery will be worn as never before because it must match shoe tops, match dresses, match gloves. Out Easter showing covers the entire color-range—in the best made hosiery, at that.

—McCollum makes the last word in Hosiery perfection, \$1; 1.50 and \$2 pair. All colors.

—Kaiser Italian Silk, 1.50 pr.

—Kraepfer Italian Silk, 1.50 pr.

—Put-and-hold silk, 1.50 pair.

—Silk plated, 50c pair.

Lisle Hosiery

—Child's, 1/2-finish, 15c pair;

—Child's, silk-lisle, 25c pair;

—Misses' plain cotton, 25c pair;

—Misses' merinoized, 35c 2 pairs \$1.

—Cadet, linen heels, etc., 25c pair.

From One Extreme To The Other

Women's New Neckwear

—and the prettiest pieces are, like as not, less than \$1. The makers of this wonderful new collection combined style and becomingness—at a moderate price; and sent us a variety beyond anything we ever had.

—Collars, gimpes, vests and collar-and-cuff sets, hand-embroidered, of voile, net, a chiffon and organza. Lace, ticks and hemstitching. Prices covering this big assortment start at 50c; and you can pay to 6.50.

—Vestees of net and oriental lace with high pointed, flaring and crushed collars attached, variously 50c to 3.75.

—Winders and middle ties, in solid and shaded colors, 25c up; new crepe de chine ties, 50c.



Mrs. Bertha Morrison, Expert Needle worker

Tuesday Crochet Day

Wednesday—Stamping

Thursday—Embroidery Work

Hall-Borchert Dress Forms

Help Along Home Sewing

Buy The Adjustable Form for Best Results

With the adjustable form you can reproduce, natural as life, your own figure; bring out the unevenness that few figures are free from—drooped shoulders, disproportioned hips and such. It does away with tiresome fittings; and you can leave your work and take it up at pleasure.

Hall-Borchert Dress Forms—Dry Goods Store.

Display of Electrical Household Appliances—Basement Store

WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY

Patronize Those Who Advertise